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THE AFFECTING CASE OF THE UNFORTUNATE *THOMAS DANIELS.*

LONDON,

THOMAS DANIELS, the perſon named in the Pamphlet hereunto annexed, Intitled, "*The Affecting Caſe of the unfortunate Thomas Daniels* &c." maketh Oath and ſaith that the ſaid Pamphlet (containing twenty-four pages) is a juſt and faithful Narrative of his Caſe; and that the ſame is publiſhed at his particular deſire of having the Public truly informed of the whole and every circumſtance of his caſe, with a view to the removing all unfavourable prejudices againſt him.

THOMAS DANIELLS.

Sworn this 23d of *November*, 1761, before me

W. ALEXANDER.

B. 1349. a. 42
21

THE

AFFECTING CASE

OF THE UNFORTUNATE

THOMAS DANIELS,

WHO WAS

Tried at the SESSIONS held at the OLD BAILEY,
September, 1761,

FOR THE

Suppoſed MURDER of his WIFE;

By caſting her out of a CHAMBER WINDOW:

And for which he was ſentenced to die, but received his MAJESTY's moſt GRACIOUS and FREE PARDON.

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED,

A circumſtantial Account of the Behaviour of that unhappy Woman, from her Huſband's firſt Acquaintance with her, to the Day of her Death.

Drawn up and authenticated by the ſaid DANIELS himſelf;

And faithfully prepared for the PRESS, by

An IMPARTIAL HAND.

LONDON:
Printed for E. CABE, in *Ave-Mary-Lane*.
[Price One Shilling.]
MDCCLXI.

THE

AFFECTING CASE

OF THE UNFORTUNATE

THOMAS DANIELS,

WHO WAS

Tried at the SESSIONS held at the OLD BAILEY,

September, 1767,

FOR THE

Supposed MURDER of his WIFE;

By causing her out of a CHAMBER WINDOW:

And tho' which he was sentenced to die, but received his MAJESTY's most GRACIOUS and FREE PARDON.

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED,

A circumstantial Account of the Behaviour of that unhappy Woman, from the Husband's first Acquaintance with her, to the Day of her Death.

Drawn up and authenticated by the said DANIELS himself,

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MDCCLXI.

THE AFFECTING CASE OF THE UNFORTUNATE *THOMAS DANIELS.*

THE calamitous circumſtance of having been condemned to death by the laws of his country, for the moſt hateful of all crimes; and his moſt extraordinary deliverance from an ignominious fate, and being reſtored to liberty unconditionally and free! will naturally render the caſe of *Thomas Daniels* a ſubject of eager curioſity and warm debate. That perſons in the ſuperior ſtations of life ſhould ſometimes find means to evade the puniſhments incurred by infringing the laws of their country, and by diſturbing the order of ſociety, does not greatly excite our wonder; an experience of the manners

ners and cuſtoms of the world, occaſions our hearing ſuch inſtances as things of courſe; we make a natural reflection or two on the occaſions, and think no more of them. But when a perſon in one of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, by a fatal accident, appears before a court of juſtice with apparent evidences of guilt, ſufficient to influence a jury of his impartial countrymen to ſentence him to the moſt ſevere penalty the law can inflict; when this man, meerly from the advantage of a good character in the narrow circle of his acquaintance, and from a re-examination into the probability of the fact, for which he was condemned, ſhall have the inferences drawn from the depoſitions on his trial, totally invalidated, ſo that the ſentence paſſed on him is freely remitted! it is *ſuch a ſanction* of his innocence, that it would be cruel and unjuſt, in particulars, afterward to retain any ſuſpicions injurious to him.

It ought to be principally attended to in this affair, that his Majeſty, whoſe regal virtues are ſo generally known and acknowledged, cannot appear in a more amiable view, than in the attention with which he is ſaid to have endeavoured to diſcover the merits of the interceſſion made for this poor convict. An inſtance which, as it may be deemed too trivial to engage any particular ſhare of princely conſideration, yet is certainly one of the truly parental duties of a Monarch, and will endear him in the hearts of many of his uſeful ſubjects, who are beneath caring for the retention of *Guadalupe* or *Canada*. And it is doing juſtice to the poor fellow, to own, that he ſeems to retain a grateful, if not a politely expreſſed, ſenſibility of the great obligation he owes to the royal parent of this his ſecond period of exiſtence.

But

But as an imputation of ſo baſe a nature, confirmed by a court of juſtice, would naturally prejudice female minds univerſally againſt him, too ſtrongly for any after teſtimony in his favour eaſily to efface; and as Mr. *Daniels* is not yet old enough to relinquiſh all thoughts of matrimony, and ſeems to poſſeſs too happy a ſhare of vivacity to be totally depreſſed by his paſt misfortunes, however ſevere they have been; it is probable he may be hardy enough yet to venture on a ſecond trial of that ſtate, can he find any good girl candid enough *to venture on him:* but however this may be, from many important conſiderations the poor man is willing to give the world all the ſatisfaction in his power, relating to the unhappy woman who was lately his wife, and on whoſe account he has gone through ſo much trouble and anxiety from his firſt connexion with her: and it is charitably hoped, that, as he has ſo ſolemnly authenticated the particulars of it, the ſame degree of credibility will be allowed *him*, which would be granted to any other perſon of fair character and good eſtimation.

The following particulars concerning this unfortunate couple, were penned by *Thomas Daniels* himſelf, ſince his enlargement; and are faithfully exhibited with no other alterations than what were abſolutely neceſſary, with regard to ſpelling, ſtyle, and diſpoſition, to render the narrative in ſome meaſure clear and fit for peruſal. This dreſſing was not intended to give any undue colouring to facts, but ſimply to ſupply the deficiencies of the writer; whoſe laborious ſituation in life has denied him thoſe literary advantages indiſpenſable to the writing his ſtory with tolerable propriety.

Thus much being premiſed, it is time to let the principal offer his plea, as candidate for the favourable opinion of his readers.

" It was in the year 1757 that I firſt became acquainted with *Sarah Carridine*, by living in the ſame neighbourhood. She was a very pretty girl; and I had a great affection for her, as I imagined her to be a good induſtrious perſon. I made my friends acquainted with my regard for her, but they were entirely againſt my having her, becauſe of her living in a public-houſe: but I was obſtinate, and told them I loved her and would marry her at all adventures, as I believed ſhe would make a good wife: upon this they ſaid I might have another far preferable to her, but that if I was reſolved not to liſten to their advice, they would have nothing more to ſay to me, and I ſhould never come near them more. Finding therefore it was in vain to hope for my father's conſent in this affair, I conſulted with her what to do, and at her deſire I agreed that ſhe ſhould take a lodging for us both, and her mother took one accordingly. I then left my former lodging and lived with her; but as I ſtill worked with my father as before, he ſoon found that I had changed my lodging, and upon what account. This diſcovery made him very angry, and we had a quarrel about it, which made me reſolve not to work with him any more. This laid me under a neceſſity of ſeeking for buſineſs elſewhere; and in my walks for this purpoſe, I met with ſome acquaintance, who told me they had entered on board the *Britannia* privateer, and that ſhe was a fine ſhip. By their encouragement I entered myſelf alſo. I went home, and told *Sarah Carridine* what I had done; ſhe cried ſadly, but I begged her to make herſelf eaſy, for that the cruize

cruize was but for ſix months, that we were going to make our fortunes, and that I would marry her when I came back; and in the mean time would adviſe her to go to ſervice. This pacified her, and ſhe promiſed ſo to do.

We ſailed on the 30th of *Auguſt*, on our cruize, but had very bad luck, and I returned home in *April*, 1758. As ſoon as I came to *London*, I went to my maſter, Mr. *Archer*, who keeps the ſign of the *White Bear*, the corner of *Barbican* in *Alderſgate Street*; there I ſent for my father and mother, and we ſpent the evening together very agreeably, much rejoiced at our meeting again. I enquired of my miſtreſs where I could find *Sarah Carridine?* She referred me to Mr. *John Jones* the founder, who ſhe ſaid could inform me. *Jones* took me over the water to an alehouſe at the bridge foot, where I ſaw her. I uſed in the evenings to go and ſup with her, at her mother's, after my day's work; and Mr. *Jones*, lodging in the ſame houſe with me, frequently went with me. *Jones* and I had been old acquaintance for ſome years; he pretended great friendſhip for me and *Sarah Carridine*, and offered to be father to her and give her away. This was very agreeable to me, and I fixed upon *St. James*'s day for our marriage. I informed my friends of my intention, but I could not obtain their conſent. I aſked my maſter to lend me a guinea to defray the wedding charges; but being refuſed, *Jones* adviſed me not to be beholden to any of them, but to raiſe ſome money upon my watch: I therefore put it in his hands, and he pawned it for me. This will ſerve to ſhew how officious he was in this tranſaction.

We lived for ſome time after our marriage in ready-furniſhed lodgings, until my wife's mother perſuaded us to come

come and lodge with her; ſhe lived in *Catharine-Wheel Alley, Whitechapel.* This we did until I procured ſome goods of my own. While we lived there, ſhe uſed to be frequently abroad when I came home from my work. I cannot but take notice in this place, that, however wrong it may be eſteemed by others, and however diſagreeable to me, to ſpeak ill of the dead; yet the peculiarity of my ſituation will, I hope, excuſe the obligation I am under of declaring the truth, this being now the diſcharge of a duty I owe to myſelf. Whenever I aſked her mother where ſhe was gone? ſhe would tell me ſhe was gone to ſee ſome young women in *Spital Fields.* When ſhe came home ſhe was often in liquor, and I would then ſay, '*Sally*, what makes you drink ſo much?' her mother would reply, 'Lord, a little matter gets in her head, for ſhe is a poor drinker.' I then reſolved to take a little ſhop to employ her: I did ſo, and put her in a little ſhop in the *Minories*, to ſell pork, greens, and other articles; and ſhe might have done very well there if ſhe had minded her buſineſs, and not have gone to ſee the young women ſo often as ſhe pretended. At laſt however I went to ſee where theſe young women lived, but they had not ſeen her a long time. As I was returning back, I ſaw my wife with Mr. *Jones*, going before me, whom I followed until I ſaw they turned into a public-houſe. On this I went back to her mother, and enquired whether ſhe was returned? ſhe replied, 'Lord, I ſuppoſe they will not let her come yet.' With that I ſaid, it is very odd, but I believe I know where ſhe is; I will go and ſee. When I went back there they were both together. So, ſaid I, this is your going to ſee *Bett Reed!* She replied, I am but juſt come back. Pray, ſaid I, how came Mr. *Jones* here? She anſwered, ſhe found him there,

there, and believed he came to ſee me. I then ſaid, I rather believe he came to ſee you; I ſaw you both come in, arm in arm. She was then drunk, which made me ſend her home. I told him he had no buſineſs to keep my wife from me; but if he was a man he would come out, and try who had the beſt right to her. He would not, but went away.

When I came home, my wife and her mother and I, quarelled, and I had them both upon me at once: ſhe then ran away, and ſtaid all night. The next day by her mother's perſuaſions we made it up, and agreed that ſhe ſhould go and mind her ſhop, and never go into *Jones*'s company more. After this he did not come near us until the next Lord Mayor's Day, when he knew, I ſuppoſe, that I was gone to my maſter's hall. My ſhopmate and I went to carry my maſter's great coat; my maſter gave us a bottle of wine, and we went into the kitchin and got ſome victuals to it; this we carried home to my wife, thinking to enjoy it quietly there. I aſked her mother where *Sally* was? She ſaid ſhe was gone to the *Three Kings*, and bid me go and call her. Before I went I heard a noiſe upon the ſtairs, and, upon taking a candle to ſee what was the matter, there ſtood my wife; and hearing ſomebody going down to the cellar, there ſtood *John Jones!*

My wife and I had a great quarrel on this occaſion; ſhe pretended that he came only to give her ſome ribbons, as he had been a whiffler in the proceſſion. Perceiving what a looſe diſpoſition ſhe was of, I reſolved ſhe ſhould keep ſhop no more; I therefore ſhut it up. There are people enough in that neighbourhood ſufficiently acquainted with theſe tranſactions; and with my wife's general behaviour.

I then thought we ſhould be rather more quiet if I moved her from her mother's, for we were always quarrelling. I got ſome goods of my own, and my wife and *my* mother took a room for me in the *Little Minories*, when for ſome time we lived more loving than before. However ſhe quickly began her old irregularities again, which occaſioned freſh quarrels, to the great uneaſineſs of our landlady, for the people of the houſe were very good ſort of people. She would often talk to my wife, and give her wholeſome advice, but all to no purpoſe; which determined me to leave her. I again entered on board the *Britannia* privateer as carpenter's mate, without acquainting any body with my intention, and went down to *Greenhithe* where the ſhip lay, to work on board her. Before I had been there many days, to my great ſurprize down came my wife with *John Jones!* They ſtaid on board all night, my wife crying bitterly to perſuade me to come home again, promiſing an entire reformation in her conduct. I ſaid I could not come back now, becauſe I had entered myſelf; but ſhe lamenting and behaving like a mad woman, I was perſuaded to return home with her. To do this, I obtained leave of our lieutenant to go to *London*, to bring my tools down, when my wife prevailed on me to ſtay at home. I I then went to work again in town, and my wife ſaid if I would try her once more, by putting her in a ſhop, ſhe would be very good. Then it was I took a houſe, at the corner of *Hare Court*, *Alderſgate Street*, where, for ſome time, ſhe managed very well, but ſoon returned to her old ways again. By our frequent quarrels the neighbours were at firſt inclined to think I uſed her ill, but had they then known how affairs were circumſtanced, they would

would not have blamed me; for her temper grew ſo unaccountable, that ſhe would frequently come after me, where ever I happened to be at work, or at the alehouſe, and abuſe me for nothing. When I came home at nights from my work, thinking to paſs the evenings comfortably with her, ſhe would conſtantly find ſome pretence to quarrel with me, and to render my life uneaſy. One time, in particular, when I came home, ſhe threw the pewter quart pot, ſhe had been drinking out of, at my head; and then running out of the houſe, ſhe, in the violence of her rage, daſhed her elbow through the glaſs window of our ſhop, and then ran up to my maſter *Archer* with her bloody arm, crying out,——'See here what your rogue has done'—Thus ſhe endeavoured to prejudice me in the minds of all my friends and acquaintance; when afterward ſhe confeſſed to Mr. *Moſes Owen*, a barber in *Old Street*, who compleated the cure of her arm, *that ſhe did it herſelf purpoſely*.

Another time, when I worked at *St. Mary Axe*, ſhe, and one of her acquaintance, having been to *Billingſgate* to buy oyſters for her ſhop, came to me to the *Crown* alehouſe in *Camomile Street*, where I was then at dinner with my ſhopmates: there ſhe wanted me to treat her with drink, which, as I obſerved her to be already in liquor, I refuſed, and would have gone back quietly to my work; ſhe then ſnatched off my hat and wig to detain me, but finding that not to anſwer her intention, ſhe abuſed me in a moſt vile manner, and with a ſmall cod which ſhe had with the oyſters, beat me in a moſt ridiculous manner about my head and face; and, as all my brother journeymen may well remember, obliged me to go back to my labour bareheaded!

One

One day, when my buſineſs carried me to the other end of the town for the whole day, my wife gave *Jones* notice of it, and quickly after I was gone dreſſed herſelf, ſhut up her ſhop, and went out with him to ſpend the day. He was that day dreſſed in a new ſuit of cloaths. At night when I came home, not being able to get into my houſe, I went to her mother's in *Whitechapel*, expecting to meet with her there. By the way as I was coming back, who ſhould I ſee before me but my wife and *John Jones!* I followed them into an alehouſe, where I quarrelled with them both, and in my paſſion threw ſome beer in her face, on which ſhe ran out to her mother's. I challenged *Jones* to fight me, but he would not. But meeting with him afterward, he then challenged me, for reporting the familiarity between him and my wife. On this we ſtripped, and had two or three blows; he fell againſt a table, and, as he ſays, broke two of his ribs, for which he took me up, but I was bailed out by my miſtreſs. As my wife thought proper not to come nigh me, I lett the ſhop which ſhe kept and lodged at my maſter's. She continued away about ſeven weeks, only calling upon me now and then to abuſe me; and going home to my houſe to ſcold and threaten my lodgers, whom I had admitted upon her deſerting me.

At length ſhe and her mother came together to me; her mother threatened, if I would not take my wife home again, to arreſt me for her board; upon this I urged her bad treatment of me while ſhe was at home, her neglect of her family affairs, and her ſcandalous attachment to this *John Jones*; and laſtly, her voluntary elopement. However we entered into a treaty of pacification, in the courſe

of

of which, ſhe confeſſed her intimacy with *Jones*, and the terms on which it had ſubſiſted. It ſeems their connexion began while I was on my cruize in the *Britannia* privateer; he promiſed to marry her if I ſhould not return, and if I did, that he would ſtill continue his kindneſs to her, and that in caſe he was to die, to leave her all his goods, and all his intereſt in the capital of a box-club, of which he was a member. This confeſſion, though it was an odd one for me to hear, yet, as it was accompanied with what appeared to me ſincere promiſes of amendment, I, in an evil hour, agreed to live with her once more. Accordingly I moved my bed into the two pair of ſtairs room, which one of my lodgers then quitted; this was about nine months before her unhappy death.

When ſhe came home again, though I believe ſhe did not continue her acquaintance with *Jones*, yet her behaviour was otherwiſe ſo diſorderly as rendered me very unhappy. For at times, when I came from work, expecting my breakfaſt, dinner, or ſupper, I frequently found the door locked, and ſo was drove to the neceſſity of eating my meals at an alehouſe; a very diſagreeable reſource to a man, who, having a wife and a home, naturally expected the comforts reſulting from ſuch ſeeming advantages. But this was not all; ſhe ſometimes coming home in the interim, would ſeek me through all the public-houſes in the neighbourhood, and when ſhe found me, would ſtrike me with whatever lay next her, raving at me for not coming home, and denying her having been out. Once, in particular, having bought a piece of veal for my *Sunday*'s dinner, when the morning came, truly ſhe would not dine

at home, ſhe would go to her mother's, though I convinced her that the weather, being hot, would ſpoil the meat by the next day. I then went to my ſhoemaker to fetch me a pair of ſhoes, and they in friendſhip aſked me to eat, as I found them at dinner; I was ſoon followed by my wife, who, finding me eating, was hardly withheld from ſtabbing me, firſt with a knife, and afterward with a fork.

One *Sunday*, with a view to entertain her, I took her down to *Ilford*, that we might ſpend the day agreeably. We dined at the *White-Horſe* there, and after dinner ſhe drank very freely. When the reckoning came to be paid, ſhe threw herſelf in a great paſſion with the landlord, on account of his charge; and I unluckily attempting to moderate matters between them, drew all her rage upon myſelf. She was ſo violent in her reſentment, that ſhe declared ſhe would not go home with me, but would go with the firſt perſon who ſhould aſk her, or even with the next man who went by. Juſt at this time, a man dreſſed like an officer ſtopped in a chaiſe to drink; my wife ſoon entered into diſcourſe with him, and aſked him to let her ride home in his chaiſe: the man agreed, and away they drove together! This now was a meaſure ſhe was not under any neceſſity of taking, becauſe, not believing ſhe would be able to walk home, I had offered her a place in the ſtage, which was quickly to paſs the door.

Thus abandoned by her, I walked home, and after waiting due time went to bed. About two o'clock in the morning I was rouſed by a knocking at the door: there was my wife ſo drunk as hardly to be able to ſtand, attend-

ed

ed by her mother! The mother made what excuſes ſhe could for her daughter, to induce me to let her in, pleading, for the lateneſs of the hour, that, after the man had carried her a long way out of her road on the foreſt, he, at laſt, left her to walk home alone. I let her in, but her mother was obliged to ſtay and put her to bed, as ſhe was entirely incapable of undreſſing herſelf.

Though her intimacy with *Jones* was diſcontinued, yet ſhe was not deſtitute of a gallant: one *William Charlton*, a man of my own buſineſs, was now her paramour; but as he was a married man, I had the additional mortification of having his wife come to ſcold me for ſuffering my wife to decoy away her huſband! After having been with this *Charlton*, about a fortnight before her death, ſhe came home very drunk, and abuſed me ſadly. She beat me over the ſhoulder with a pair of tongs; I wreſted them from her, and, as I purpoſe to ſpeak the truth, I will confeſs, that, in my paſſion, as ſhe ran down ſtairs, I followed her and gave her a blow with them on the head. Upon this ſhe ran directly to Mr. *Clark* the conſtable, the ſame who ſince apprehended me on the occaſion of her death, to get me taken into cuſtody. Mrs. *Clark* kindly wiped her forehead where the ſkin was broke, and adviſed her to go home peaceably, and make up the difference between us. This enraged her ſo that ſhe gave Mrs. *Clark* many foul words, ſo that Mr. *Clark* came to expoſtulate with me, not on the blow I had given my wife, but on the ill language ſhe had beſtowed on his wife! Mr. *Clark* and I talked the matter over a tankard of beer, but I ſaw no more of my wife that night.

There

There was alſo one *Stroud*, a *Smith*, in the number of her intimates, but I knew little of their concerns, more than what I underſtood from his wife, who came frequently to me, enquiring after him, and complaining greatly of my wife, for enticing him away from his family and his work.

Theſe few inſtances I have been able to recollect, may, in ſome meaſure, ſerve to give the reader of my unhappy tale, an idea of my wife's character and conduct, which I ſolemnly declare, I am not ſolicitous to expoſe, as the poor creature is dead, more than is abſolutely needful, to ſhew whar ſort of perſon ſhe was, and as it may tend to clear me in the opinion of the world. So quarrelſome was ſhe by nature, that we never went out together, but ſhe would find ſome occaſion to abuſe either me, ſome of the company, or even paſſengers in the ſtreet; if any one caſually happened to bruſh her in paſſing, ſhe would give them a blow in the face, and then call upon me to ſtand kick and cuff for her, while ſhe having ſtirred up the miſchief, ran away, unconcerned at my fate in the mob: and in our private diſputes, I have been beat by her, her mother, and a ſervant girl of her mother's, all at one time. Nay, ſhe has frequently threatened both to deſtroy herſelf, and to murder me. A threat, ſhe has ſince very nearly accompliſhed.

The night before this melancholy accident, I came home, to be ſure not entirely ſober: where not finding my wife, I went directly to her mother's, where I found her very drunk. It being night, her mother ſaid it would not be proper to attempt taking her home in that condition; and therefore adviſed me to lie there that night, while ſhe and her girl would go and ſleep at my lodging. We did ſo.

Being

Being now come to the unlucky day of my wife's death, I propoſe to be as particular in all my actions that day as recollection will enable me.

In the morning, after my wife's mother came back, we all breakfaſted together at her lodgings. After breakfaſt, I went to Mr. *Clark*, Timber Merchant, in *St. Mary Axe*, to ſolicit for ſome *India Company*'s work: from whence I went to the *Manſion Houſe* alehouſe, and drank a pint of beer. I then intended to go to work at Mr. *Perry*'s in *Noble-ſtreet*, but it being near dinner time, I ſtopped at the *Bell*, oppoſite his houſe, for another pint of beer, where meeting ſome acquaintance eating beef-ſtakes, I dined with them. As I was eating, in came my wife and her mother; ſhe at firſt abuſed me for being at the alehouſe, but they afterward, in great ſeeming good humour, drank with me, and as they wanted money, I gave my wife two ſhillings, and lent her mother a ſix and ninepenny piece, which I had juſt received in change for half a guinea, from the maſter of the public houſe. As the day was now far ſpent, and as I was pleaſed with the proſpect of working for the *Eaſt-India Company*, I thought it not worth while to begin a day's work ſo late. I therefore went to *Smithfield*, to ſee how the horſe-market went. From thence I went to *Warwick-lane*, to ſee for a young man, whom I had promiſed to get to work for the company alſo. I took him to Mr. *Clark*, in *St. Mary Axe*; and afterward went with him to two or three places more, the laſt place was the *Nagg*'s *Head* in *Hounſditch*; and about half an hour after nine o'clock went home.

When I came there, I went in at the back door, which is under the gateway; and which uſed to be only on a ſingle latch, for the conveniency of my lodgers: I went up to my room door, but finding it faſt, came down ſtairs again. There was then ſome diſturbance over the way in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, which I walked over to ſee the meaning of, imagining my wife might chance to be engaged in it.

Not finding her in the croud, I returned, and went up ſtairs again; while I was on the ſtairs, I heard my wife cough, by which I knew ſhe was at home. Finding my door ſtill faſt, I knocked and called again; ſtill ſhe would not anſwer. I then ſaid "*Sally*, I know you are at home, and I deſire you would open the door, if you will not I will burſt it open." Nobody yet anſwering, I ſet my back againſt the door, and forced it open. Upon this ſhe jumped out of bed; I immediately began to undreſs me, by ſlipping off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſaying at the ſame time "*Sally*, what makes you uſe me ſo? you follow me wherever I go to abuſe me, and then lock me out of my lodging; I never ſerve you ſo." On this ſhe flew upon me, called me a ſcoundrel dog, ſaid ſhe ſuppoſed I had been with ſome of my whores; and ſo ſaying, tore my ſhirt down from the boſom: on this, I puſhed her down, She then ran to the chimney corner, and ſnatched up ſeveral things, which I ſucceſſively wreſted from her: in the ſkuffle a table and a ſcreen tumbled down. At length ſhe ſtruck me ſeveral blows with a hand-bruſh; and while I was ſtruggling to get it from her, ſhe cried out ſeveral times ——"Indeed, indeed, I will do ſo no more."——When I got the bruſh from her, which I did with ſome difficulty, I gave her a blow with it, and then concluded ſhe would be eaſy. She ſat down on the floor by the cupboard door, tearing her ſhift from her back, which had been rent in the skirmiſh; I ſat down on the oppoſite ſide of the bed, with my back towards her, preparing to go into it; and ſeeing her fling the remnants of her ſhift about in ſo mad a manner, I ſaid, '*Sally*, you are a ſilly girl, why don't you be eaſy?' On that ſhe ſuddenly roſe up, and with ſomething gave me a blow on the head, which ſtruck me down. I fell on the bedſtead with my head againſt the folding doors of it. I imagine ſhe was then afraid ſhe had killed me, for I heard her cry two or three times——*O ſave me, ſave*

me

me, ſave me! How ſhe went out of the window it is impoſſible for me to ſay, in the condition ſhe left me in; but from her cries I ſuppoſed her gone that way; and in my conſternation when I roſe, I ran down one pair of ſtairs, where, not knowing how to behave, I went up again, and ſat me down on the bed from whence I roſe. In this poſition Mr. *Clark*, the conſtable, and the numbers who followed him, found me. He ſaid, *Daniels you have ſtabbed your wife, and flung her out of the window.* I replied, *No, Mr. Clark, I have not, ſhe threw herſelf out.* Mr. *Clark* took a candle, and examined all the room in ſearch of blood, but found none; and lucky it was for me that neither of our noſes happened to bleed in the fray, though mine was ſubject to bleed on any trifling occaſion. He then went to the window, where he found a broken piece of a ſaucer, and aſked what it was? I ſaid, I did not know; but recollected afterward, that it was what I fed my ſquirrel in; though I knew not how it came broke; it was whole that day.

From thence I was taken to the *Compter*, and the public are already acquainted with the proceedings on my trial: when I was condemned for the ſuppoſed fact.

I am informed that the next morning they found a pair of ſmall watchmaker's plyers bloody in the window, which were then conſidered as a great proof of my guilt. Theſe plyers were what I have mended my ſquirrel's chain with whenever he broke looſe, which was ſometimes the caſe. How they ſhould be bloody, as God is my Saviour, I cannot anſwer; but as no wound was perceived on the body, they were not produced as evidence againſt me. However, when my wife was brought up from the ſtreet, it is ſaid ſhe was blooded, and that the baſon was put in the window where theſe plyers were found. It is therefore poſſible that, in ſuch confuſion, a drop or two might acci-

accidentally be ſpilt upon them; more eſpecially when we conſider the tumult of a morning's exhibition of the dead body, for penny gratuities, by the unprincipled mother of it.

In the courſe of my trial, the coroner laid ſome ſtreſs on the abſence of *Charles Hilliard*, the lodger under my room; but Mr. *Hilliard* appeared however before the ſeſſions were concluded, to ſave his recognizances: he then depoſed before the judges, all he knew relative to the accident; which being materially the ſame with the evidence he gave at the coroner's inqueſt, and as I have no reaſon to wiſh it ſuppreſſed, I made it my buſineſs to requeſt Mr. *Hilliard* to recollect the whole of it, which he was kind enough to give me in writing; and here it is.

" *Charles Hilliard* gave evidence before the coroner as follows.

" That Mrs. *Daniels* came into his apartment about eight o'clock in the evening to light her candle, and then went up to bed: that about ten Mr. *Daniels* came home, and knocked at the door, calling *Sally*, two or three times: that not being admitted, he broke the door open: that then he thought he heard a knocking to make good the breach, after which ſome words enſued between the parties, and blows followed: that he heard Mrs. *Daniels* aſk forgiveneſs, ſaying, ſhe would never do the like again: that *Daniels* ſhould ſay—*Damn my breeches, what do you ſhut me out for? don't I pay my rent?* after which he heard a rumbling in the room, but did not diſtinguiſh any thing more, to the beſt of his knowledge, till Mrs. *Daniels* fell from the window.

" I lived in Mr. *Daniel's* apartment but little time, in which I heard many quarrels and debates between them, which frequently happened by her aggravation and ill-treatment of him."

I was ſentenced to be executed on *Monday, September* 21; the coronation-day was to be the day following, which led ſome perſons into a conjecture, that this auguſt ſolemnity was the cauſe of the firſt reſpite, which made way for my pardon. This however was a miſtaken opinion, for I owed the redemption from my hard fate entirely to the kind Chriſtian offices of my friends who, from a perſuaſion of my innocence, applied to the worthy magiſtrates of *London*; from whom, the circumſtances of my ſituation were repreſented to his Majeſty. The gracious condeſcenſion of this beſt of Kings, in attending to the repreſentations made to him on my account, will never be forgotton, while I enjoy that remnant of life I now owe to his goodneſs!

I was condemned on the *Friday*; on the *Saturday* I was comforted with the news of a reſpite until the *Friday* following: I then heard of a farther reſpite, and was appointed to die with *Campbel* and *Gurnet*; before the execution of whom, I was again granted a longer time: and then my execution was to be forborn until farther orders. I received my pardon on *Thurſday, October* 28, and was diſcharged from confinement *Sunday, November* 1.

From the time of receiving ſentence, to the time of my receiving a full pardon was ſix weeks cloſe confinement in the cells of *Newgate*; where, by the terms of ſentence, I was to be ſubſiſted on bread and water only. I can however affirm with truth, that, conſcious of my own integrity, not all the terrors of ſo ignominious a death, and the ſtamp of infamy attending it, ever could depreſs my ſpirits from the firſt to the laſt. I relied on the juſtice of God, who could penetrate beyond the ken of ſhort-ſighted man; and with the utmoſt reverence would I acknowledge the extenſion of his providence toward me, in protecting me in this life, from the conſequences of premature judgment. I have been frail in common with the reſt of mankind; and I have ſeverely ſuffered. How-

ever, as my misfortunes in marriage drove me into careleſſneſs and exceſſes, which, together with them, have been the ruin of me; I hope that ſo remarkable a deliverance from the brink of the precipice of eternity, has called home my ſcattered thoughts, and will make me more ſober and induſtrious than I have heretofore been. I now conclude this narrative with the moſt thankful acknowledgments to all whoſe kindneſs has been inſtrumental in my deliverance, from the awful fate from which I ſo hardly eſcaped."

The reader has now ſeen what the poor fellow had to offer for his own juſtification. It may not be improper juſt to add a few remarks, firſt, on the probabilities and improbabilities of the alledged fact, and then to compare the fair reſult of ſuch examination with the tenor of the depoſitions on his trial; theſe will tend greatly to clear our conceptions with regard to the man.

The window of *Daniels*'s room has two caſements folding againſt each other, with garden pots before them. One of theſe caſements only, uſed to be opened; the other being in general kept ſhut. Theſe caſements were each about ſixteen or ſeventeen inches wide, and the window was about a yard and a quarter high. When this accident happened, one caſement was open, the other ſhut, as uſual; conſequently the opening *then* through the window, was about ſixteen or ſeventeen inches wide, and a yard and quarter high. Through this ſpace a man was to thruſt a woman nearly as ſtrong as himſelf! If ſuch a thing had been attempted, the following conſequences muſt be inconteſtably allowed to enſue.

I. The woman would reſiſt the attempt.

II. When perſons ſtruggle to avoid imminent danger, and are driven to deſpair, they are capable of a ſurpriſing degree of exertion, beyond their ordinary abilities.

III.

III. This woman would therefore have continued in ſo narrow a gap a very conſiderable while before ſhe could have been forced through, and would all that time have uttered cries, intreaties, and exclamations, too expreſſive of her ſituation to have been miſtaken by the neighbours and ſpectators.

IV. Her reſiſtance would have overturned the before-mentioned garden-pots, and would have ſhattered the glaſs of the caſement that was ſhut, and even forced open, or broke the caſement itſelf, which obſtructed her paſſage.

V. In breaking the glaſs of the window, her skin muſt have been greatly ſcratched and torn, and her limbs, naked as ſhe was, have been otherwiſe greatly maimed and bruiſed.

VI. The man who undertook to force her out, as he muſt have been greatly agitated himſelf by his paſſions; as he was very cloſely employed, on no very eaſy job; and as the actions of the ſuffering party cannot be ſuppoſed to be meerly defenſive through the whole courſe of the fray; he muſt probably have been obſerved by ſome of the ſpectators at the inſtant of his effecting his purpoſe; and muſt poſitively have borne ſome very conſpicuous marks of his helpmate's reciprocal aſſaults.

The two firſt of theſe propoſitions will be univerſally granted.

The third is contradicted by all the evidence on the trial, who unanimouſly agree, that the moment the woman was ſeen, ſhe came through the window? and was only then heard to uſe expreſſions which *Daniels* accounts for better than any one elſe.

In reply to the fourth, the pots were not diſcompoſed, nor the window broke, except one pane; and it does not appear that even that pane might not have been broke before.

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In anſwer to the fifth; the body, by the evidence of the ſurgeon, did not appear to have received any other damage than the natural conſequences of ſo great a fall.

As to the laſt; the man was not ſeen at the window at all: and as to any wounds or bruiſes ſuſtained by him, the conſtable, when aſked, whether he ſaw the blow on his head, which he affirmed to be given him by his wife? declared he did not. But he was not asked whether he looked for it; a queſtion, it may be preſumed, he would have anſwered in the negative. In ſuch a ſituation, it is to be concluded, the poor fellow was little heard and leſs regarded, concerning whatever he might alledge in his own behalf. A man may be ſtunned by a blow that might not perhaps exhibit any remarkable appearance; and had it been ſeen, his account of it would have weighed but little.

It is not even probable, had he knocked this woman on the head firſt, that he could have ſent the body through the window ſo compleatly, as either by fright, or deſign, ſhe accompliſhed, herſelf. But that ſhe came there living, is paſt doubt.

To conclude: The evidence againſt this unfortunate man, was only preſumptive at moſt; and upon clear ſcrutiny is really preſumptive of *nothing*: ſo that as he is diſcharged by royal authority, ſo has he alſo a juſt claim to an acquittal in the minds of all judicious and candid people.

F I N I S.